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Clerk	J. Bell
Register	Wm. Putnam
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Judge of Probate	A. Taylor
C. C. Com.	M. J. Connine
Surveyor	N. E. Britt
Coroners	W. H. Sherman
Supervisors	W. Haynes

Grove Township	Thos. Lounds
South Branch	Ira H. Richardson
Beaver Creek	W. B. Batterton
Maple Forest	J. J. Covington
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W. M. WOODWORTH,

Physician and Surgeon,  
GRAYLING, MICH.U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.  
Graduate of University of Mich. 1853.Office with A. H. Swarthout.  
Residence with A. J. Rose.  
Office hours from 9 to 12 a.m.

MAIN J. CONNINE,

Attorney at Law,  
GRAYLING, MICH.W. A. MASTERS—NOTARY PUBLIC—Con-  
tracting—Will attend to making Deeds  
Contracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.

A. H. SWARTHOUT.

ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Business in P. O. Joining Counties solicited.

Real Estate, Insurance, &amp; Collection Agt.

GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying in all of its branches, in-  
cluding levelling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette

Pioneer East and West Line

Through the Upper Peninsula of  
Michigan.240 Miles Shorter and 12 hours quicker  
than any other line between Detroit,  
Southern Michigan, and allPoints East and Southeast  
and the Iron and Copper  
Districts.

GOING EAST.

Leave Marquette 10:30 p.m. 8:00 a.m.  
do Port Huron 11:00 a.m. 10:30 p.m.  
do Muskingum 12:00 m. 12:00 m.  
do Sault 2:45 p.m. 11:00 a.m.  
do McMillan 3:45 p.m. 5:30 p.m.  
do Newell 5:45 p.m. 8:30 p.m.  
Arrive St. Ignace 7:00 p.m. 7:00 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Leave Pt. St. Ignace 7:30 a.m.  
do Port Huron 1:30 p.m. 10:20 a.m.  
do Muskingum 2:00 a.m. 11:10 a.m.  
do Sault 2:45 a.m. 11:00 a.m.  
do McMillan 3:45 a.m. 5:30 p.m.  
do Newell 5:45 p.m. 8:30 p.m.  
Arrive Marquette 7:00 p.m. 7:00 p.m.Connections are made at St. Ignace by the  
popular steamer City of Cleveland for Detroit  
and intermediate points on the Great Lakes and  
The Michigan Central Railroad for Detroit and  
all points in Michigan and the East, South and  
Southeast.With the New England Transportation Co. line  
for Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Collingwood, and all  
points in Canada.At Marquette with the Marquette, Houghton &  
Onondaga Railroads, the Iron and Copper Distri-  
ct and with steamers for Duluth and the  
Northwest.Through tickets are sold at Marquette and St.  
Ignace, and steamers in Northern Minnesota.  
Pullman Sleepers on night express trains.

Day train daily except Sundays.

For information as to passenger and freight  
please call on General Freight and  
Passenger Agent.

THOS. McKEOWN, Gen'l. Sup't., Marquette, Mich.

F. MILLIGAN, Gen'l. Fr't. &amp; Pass. Agent.

April 28

Marquette, Mich.

A week made at home by  
the industrious. Best busi-  
ness now before the public.  
Capital not needed; we will  
start you. Men, women, boys and  
girls wanted everywhere to work for us.  
Now is the time; you can work in spare  
time, or give your whole time to the  
business. No other business will pay  
you nearly as well. No one can fail to  
make enormous pay, by engaging at  
once. Costly outfit and terms free.  
Money made fast, easily and honorably.  
Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.REST not, life is sweeping  
by, go and dare before you die; some-  
thing mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time.—  
\$6 a week in your own town, \$5 out  
free; no risk; everything new; car-  
ried not required; we will furnish you  
everything; many a making fortune;  
ladies make as much as men; boys and  
girls make great pay. Reader, if you  
want business at which you can make  
great pay all the time, write for partic-  
ulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

NOTICE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,  
GRAYLING, MICH., November 1, 1883.  
Complaint filed against Warren C. Smith for  
abandoning his homestead entry No. 547, dated  
Oct. 1, 1882, for the sum of \$100.00, and  
left his claim in a state of neglect. His  
entry was given a view to the cancellation of said en-  
try, and the said parties are hereby summoned to  
appear at the office on the 25th day of January,  
1884, at 10 o'clock A.M., to show cause why  
the same should not be so done. The court  
will then proceed to hear the cause and make  
such order as it may see fit.Harpers School Books at the Post  
Office at publishers prices.The AVALANCHE office has turned out  
some very neat and tasty job printing during the past few weeks.

Call in and look at samples.

# Crawford Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

O. PALMER,

VOL. IV. GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883.

NO. 38.

THE AVALANCHE, REPUBLICAN.

Published every Thursday, at Grayling, Mich. by

O. PALMER,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

FOR ONE YEAR.....\$1.50.

FOR SIX MONTHS.....75.

FOR THREE MONTHS.....50.

Who Wants

?? A FARM CHEAP??

500,000 Acres

RICH FARMING LANDS FOR  
SALE!The lands of the Jackson, Lansing and  
Saginaw Railroad Company are

Now offered for sale

LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME

Saginaw river nearly to  
the Straits of Mackinaw and contain  
large tracts offarming  
landsas  
good  
as  
can befound in any  
part of the United States.States, are well tim-  
bered with hard wood—

maple, beech, elm, oak, &amp;c.,

and well adapted to grain, stock  
and fruit growing. Soil, black sandy

LOAM AND

ABOUNDING IN SPRINGS OF THE

PUREST WATER.

PRICE OF

Farming Lands from

\$2.50 to \$6.00

Per Acre.

Send for illustrated pamphlet full of  
facts and figures.ADDRESS O. M. BARNEs,  
Land Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

ANDREW PETERSON

(Hanson's Block, Grayling, Mich.)

Invites the inspection of the people  
Grayling and vicinity to his

Choice and Select Stock of

WATCHES,

QUICK TRAINING ROCKFORD WATCH

ROCKFORD RAILROAD WATCH

ROCKFORD WATCHES

CLOCKS, RINGS, PINS, SLEEVES,  
BUTTONS, and in fact everything  
usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS

Jewelry Establishment.

His stock is complete, and he is con-  
fident he can please one and all in

PRICE,

STYLE &amp;

QUALITY.

Repairing a Specialty.

REMEMBER the place—Front of  
Hanson's Hardware Store, Michigan  
Avenue, Grayling, Mich.

French Clothing House!

## SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia,

Indigestion, want of

Appetite, Loss of Strength

lack of Energy, Malaria,

Intermittent Fevers, &amp;c.

BROWN'S IRON BITERS

never fails to cure

all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1882.

Brown Chemical Co.

Dear Friends,

For years I have

been a sufferer from Dyspepsia

and could get no relief (having tried

everything which could be thought of)

I am now on the advice of a

friend, who had been benefited by

Brown's Iron Biters, I tried a

few doses.

Previous to taking Brown's Iron

Biters, everything I ate distressed

me, and suffered greatly from

indigestion, which was unbearable.

Since taking Brown's Iron Biters,

all my troubles are at an end.

Cancerous tumors are gone.

I am perfectly another

person. Mrs. W. J. Flavin,

30 Maverick St., Boston.

Boston, Nov. 26, 1882.

Frank L. WHITNEY, Ass't Gen'l.

Pass and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

H. B. LEEDYARD, Gen. Mgr., Detroit.

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Div., Bay City.

All trains daily except Sundays.

E.

# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## A LOVER'S LAMENT.

My Willie has gone off the sea  
An' old my heart is a-sore;  
To think of him so far away,  
Near drives me to despair.

I'd remember well the night  
After he gae a'wa';

For as I pressed him to my heart  
Twas like to break in twa.

He pressed me to his bosom,  
An' kissed me over again;

An' promised me a future day

The mak' m' his ain.

What cared I for the wort' that night?  
W' a' that it could fit;

For oh! my heart was w' the lad

That was gone over the sea.

When I hear the mavis singing,  
An' the blackbird in you grove,

Whaur off we spent love's happy hours

An' loved aben to rove.

When I hear the birdie warble

On you bonnie trytin' tree,

It kindies up my love a'noe.

For him that's over the sea

The gowans deck in a glen;

The gowans deck the lea;

But there is nocht to charm my heart

Like the lad over the sea.

## ACTING WISELY.

When Mary Clairmont's engagement was proclaimed to the world there was a general expression of surprise.

Miss Clairmont was only one-and-twenty, a tall, imperious beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as damask roses, and dark brown hair, coiled in shining bands at the back of her head.

She had just graduated from Medical University and had taken out her diploma as an M. D.

"And only think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow."

"It does not seem strange," said Harry Marlow, "any brainless idiot can get married and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you are made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."

Mary's dew-bright eyes sparkled.

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you're mistaken. There's no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding-ring didn't say the same thing. You're disappointed in me, Mary Clairmont, and I'm ashamed of you; that is the long and short of it."

Mary smiled.

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust; believe me. Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry. In the meantime I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury almshouse, and practice my profession just the same as if there were no engagement."

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours; and I never shall."

Still Mary Clairmont kept her temper.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Jo," she said pleasantly, "but I hope you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread and needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly, "and I always could tell the ring of a counterfeit coin when a customer had it on the counter. I could then, and I can now; and I tell you what, Mary, there's a metal about Harry Marlow."

Dr. Mary bit her lip.

"Perhaps, We will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity.

And the old lady said no more.

"Aunt Jo is wrong," persisted the pretty young M. D. to herself.

"Mary is making a fool of herself," thought Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village with a main street shaded by umbreous maples; and a little way out of the village the almshouse, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea Captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised its gray stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Dr. Mary Clairmont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury.

Up to this time all the resident M. D.'s had been snuff old gentlemen with wigs, or perh' young ones with eye glasses.

A beautiful young lady, who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and poultices, was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one.

People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor understood herself and her patients.

And the poor people at the almshouse grew to love Dr. Mary, and listened with eager ears for the sound of her carriage-wheels over the gravel drive which led to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly-carpeted reception-room, drawing on her fur gloves, previous to entering her neat parlor once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions respecting old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Clairmont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman."

"The new old woman," repeated Dr. Mary, with a smile.

"That is," explained Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half blind and quite bad with the asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go."

She looked timidly up at Dr. Mary, came in, from under the borders of her cap.

"I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord don't always take us, miss, when we'd like to go."

"This is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham.

The little woman would have risen up to make a feeble courtesy, but Dr. Mary motioned her to keep her seat.

"What is your name?" said she pleasantly.

"Louise Marlow, miss."

"Marlow? That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clairmont, coloring in spite of herself.

"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might well be proud of."

"A son," echoed Mrs. Cunningham, "and you in the almshouse?"

"Not that it's his fault," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud young lady, as is fit for 'any Prince in all the land, and of course he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything, he'll try to see me. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But of course I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could?"

Harry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad. So I went to Dr. Merton, and asked him did he know of any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here, and some money to pay my traveling expenses—Heaven bless him!—and here I am."

Mary's dew-bright eyes sparkled.

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you're mistaken. There's no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding-ring didn't say the same thing. You're disappointed in me, Mary Clairmont, and I'm ashamed of you; that is the long and short of it."

Mary smiled.

"Is your son's name Harry Marlow?" said she, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was moist to do justice in place of the impossible courtsey.

"Is he like this?" said Dr. Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket.

The old woman with trembling hands fitted on her iron-rimmed spectacles and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it's his own self," she cried. "You're acquainted with him, then?"

"Somewhat," said Dr. Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place.

"Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry."

"Yes," said Dr. Mary, writing something in her prescription-book. "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to see her once, and see what she is like. There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once, miss. Would you please write to my son and tell him where I am? for I am no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all. And if it wouldn't be asking too much—"

"I'll write to him," said Dr. Mary, quietly, and so she went away.

"I never saw a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh; "but she's a pretty creature, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again soon."

"You may be very sure of that," said the matron, brusquely. "Dr. Clairmont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."

That evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty wintry air.

"Bless me! this ain't you?" said Aunt Jo, peering over the rims of her spectacles.

"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeit."

"Eh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically lading on the brown curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, canceling our engagement," said Dr. Mary calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his poor old mother go into an almshouse, sooner than take the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman."

And then she sat down by the fire and told Aunt Jo everything, for crabbed, crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a

mother to her, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.

When she had ceased speaking Aunt Jo nodded her head.

"You have done well and wisely," said she.

Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter in Aldenbury almshouse, with her head on Dr. Mary Clairmont's arms and never knew that her garrulous confession had deprived her son of his promised wife.

And Mary says, quietly and resolute, that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforward.

## A GREAT FARM.

*Leaping and Soaring from 40,000 Acres.*

(From the Agricultural Review.)

The largest farm in the world is Mr. Hiram Sibley's 40,000-acre Burr Oaks farm. It is situated in Eastern Illinois, about sixteen miles east of the Chicago and Alton railroad, one of the best organized and equipped lines in the State, and about 100 miles south of Chicago. It is what was formerly known as the Sullivan farm, and has the most extended reputation of any in the country. Its original proprietor, Mr. M. L. Sullivan, removed from Columbus, Ohio, to Illinois in 1836, and died in 1860.

Mr. Sullivan had conceived the idea that he could produce corn at a cost of 12 cents per bushel, and he devoted all his energies to its realization. He began at once to break up the land, employing a large force of men and teams, and planting it as fast as men and means could do, until he had at one time 18,000 acres in corn. One crop, that of 1871, aggregated 600,000 bushels and required 2,000 cars to carry it to market. "The work on the farm was all done by hired labor, as many as 400 men being employed at a time, all of whom were lodgers and fed on the premises put up for that purpose. His ambition was to be the largest grower of corn in the world, as well as the greatest farmer, and he would allow no settlement on the place nor hire out any of the land. The policy was a mistaken one; no man could farm on such a scale successfully by hired labor. His interest account on borrowed capital was enormous; the breaking up of the land, draining and erecting buildings required large expenditures and increased the original cost greatly, while land bought later costing from \$15 to \$25 an acre, together with the improvements, made a still larger sum.

One month letting himself down at times from a fifth-story window, put his feet through the window below and reached the fourth floor in safety. The operation was repeated until the third story was reached, when he fell, and the first alarm, the floors on either side of him, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The second alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The third alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The fourth alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The fifth alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The sixth alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The seventh alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The eighth alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. The ninth alarm, the floor above, gave way, and he was dashed to the ground. 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# THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,  
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, January 18, 1883.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

School books at the P. O.

Try B. & E.'s buckwheat flour.

Mrs. R. P. Forbes went to Roscommon Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

Evidently Mr. Sydney Cleggert is not a natural-born m. d. He has to use the lash too much.

Do not miss hearing the arguments pro and con that will be advanced at the debate at the hall to-morrow evening.

B. & E.'s 50c tea can't be beat.

Shiverershake! isn't cold? Ten degrees below zero Monday and Tuesday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

Miss F. Stewart, the popular minstrel of West Branch, passed a few days with her numerous friends in this city during the present week.

Best coffee in town at B. & E.'s.

The Michigan Almanac at the P. O.

Mr. A. H. Swarthout went to Saginaw City on Friday of last week, returning Monday, accompanied by Mrs. S. and the "little one."

J. H. Edgecumbe left Thursday morning on his return to Grayling. His family will soon follow him and take up their residence there.—Deerfield Record.

Mr. McCullough has opened a boot and shoe shop in our city opposite J. M. Finn's warehouse. He does all kind of mending, and makes a speciality of sewed and river boots.

We have a large and varied line of invitation cards. Call and examine them.

Eggs, 30c per dozen, at B. & E.'s.

The literary exercises at the hall on Friday evening last, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the fact it was not generally known there were to be any, were slimly attended.

We are pleased to see the familiar and pleasant countenance of Mr. J. S. Harder on our streets once more. Mr. H. has been stopping on his farm in Shiawassee county for some time.

Choice dried apples at B. & E.'s.

Ladies, do you wish for nice gold or silver-edged calling cards? If so, call at the AVALANCHE office for them. We have some "real daisies."

Fine note paper only 10c per quire at the P. O.

Rev. S. Edgecumbe returned to Grayling Thursday morning. Mrs. Edgecumbe will remain and visit her parents for a few weeks.—Deerfield Record. [Rev. S. arrived in our city all O. K. in due course of mail, but we couldn't help from observing a woe-begone expression on his naturally smiling countenance. He doesn't like keeping bachelor's hall at all, at all.]

You can get the best butter at Bliven & Edgecumbe's.

Sewing machine needles and attachments at the P. O.

No business man should be without a nice business card. You can get them printed cheap at the AVALANCHE office.

For the accommodation of our citizens our worthy P. M. informs us that hereafter the post office will be open on Sundays from 8 to 9 o'clock a. m. and from 1 to 2 o'clock p. m.

Standard A sugar, 10c per lb., at Bliven & Edgecumbe's.

From Mr. Frank Owen, of Maple Forest who is engaged in Pack, Woods & Co.'s camp at 252, under the foremanship of Mr. L. H. Smith, we learn that the employees of that camp had a very pleasant and social time on Christmas. Fifty dollars was raised for a Christmas dinner, at which all did ample justice, and in the evening a Christmas tree holding \$20 worth of presents made glad the hearts of the little ones.

"Pure Quill" honey, 17 cents per pound, at Bliven & Edgecumbe's.

Do not send away for your printing when it is a fact it can be done as neat and cheap at the AVALANCHE office as at any other office in the State.

Buy your shoes at B. & E.'s, where the buttons are fastened on for keeps.

If you wish anything in the printing line, call at the AVALANCHE office and examine samples and prices before ordering elsewhere. We are now better prepared than ever to turn out first-class work.

Don't forget that dried corn, 10c per lb., sold by Bliven & Edgecumbe.

The opposition of democrats to the admission of Dakota as a state is unreasonable and partisan. If the new state were democratic there would be no opposition coming from that source, on the contrary there would be anxiety for its admission. There is already a population of two hundred thousand, and the territory has more postoffices than the state of New Hampshire and four times as many as the state of Delaware. No territory has ever been admitted having better claims to the right of state government.

Prof. Edgecumbe passed through a four-days' examination while in attendance at the State Teachers' Institute at Lansing a few days ago; and Tuesday received official notification that he was successful and had been awarded a State certificate. This certificate is good for ten years, and is awarded only after a thorough examination and evidence that the applicant is a first-class teacher. The Prof. has also the highest certificate given to teachers in Canada, as well as a diploma of the highest grade issued to graduates of Victoria college. Deerfield man well be proud of the principal of her Union school.

The above we find in the Deerfield Record. The Professor spoken of is brother to Rev. S. and J. H. Edgecumbe, of this city.

The AVALANCHE office is turning out a large quantity of job work, such as letter head, note heads, bill heads, envelopes, tags, etc., etc. We guarantee satisfaction, and do work as cheap as any office in the State.

It seemed like meeting an old friend of the days when we were hard up, to see the Crawford County AVALANCHE of last week trot out one of our pet notions to delinquent subscribers, which did duty way back in the beautiful summer-time of 1882, and pass it off as a home production. We burned lots of midnight oil over that little gem, and we don't propose to have our sweetness wasted on the desert air in that reckless manner without an emphatic protest. Do you cribbing farther away from home, like we do, Palmer, and then you won't get caught at it.—Kalkaska Leader. [We beg your everlasting condescension, Dear Leader. The "old man" was in Lansing attending to legislative duties, and we (the d-l) have to "run the machine" all by ourselves, the hurry, flurry, skurry and excitement of the occasion on that the first week of our "elevation" made us half (if not wholly) crazy. We are more calm and collected now, and we trust that hereafter we may not be found "cribbing."

EDITOR AVALANCHE.

The item containing the report of the deportment of the pupils in our school published in your issue of Dec 28th, 1882, should have read as follows: Those who did not whisper during the week ending Friday, Dec 22, Frank Bell, Maggie Hanson, and Fred Culver, Emma Updike, Vena Jones, Josie Jones, Eddie Hartwick, Marius Hanson, Matilda Hanson, Nettie Traver, Annie McDonald, Delia Raymond, Bessie Mickelson, Nellie Sanderson, Willie Havens and Clare Hadley did not whisper for four of the five days. James Hartwick and Fred Rose whispered every day. Lulu Nichols and Willie Masters whispered four of the five days.

J. B. BARRETT, Teacher.

## FROM LANSING.

Special Correspondence Crawford Avalanche.

LANSING, Jan. 16, 1882.

The all-absorbing question in this city and throughout the State is the election of the United States Senator to succeed Hon. Thos. W. Ferry.

The first ballot of the two Houses was taken separately to-day, resulting as follows: In the House, Ferry 45, Stott 37, McMillan 1, Hanna 1, Moffat 1, Willits 1, Horr 2, Burrows 1, Hanchett 2, Cutcheon 2, Cooley 1, Upson 2, Newberry 1, Stockbridge 1, Winsor 1; in the Senate, Ferry 14, Stott 13, Hanchett 2, Cutcheon 2, Upson 1.

Your readers will observe that this vote is exactly as anticipated from the actions of the supporters of Mr. Ferry who forced the caucus in his favor, and it is expected that the first ballot in joint convention will be about the same. After that will undoubtedly be a break and final selection of a candidate upon whom all Republicans can unite and who will be an honor to the State.

It will also be noticed that the Republicans who oppose Mr. Ferry are not boasting any particular man, but present a number of new names, of clean men of acknowledged ability and standing in the State, any one of whom would be an honor to us.

All are waiting anxiously for the developments of to-morrow.

## OBITUARY.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS.

Adjutant-General Robertson has issued the following general order No. 2.

The following appointments in the military department of this state are made for two years from January 1, 1883:

John Robertson, Detroit, brigadier general and adjutant general.

Frederick S. Hutchison, Ionia, brigadier general and inspector general.

William Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, brigadier general and quartermaster general.

Edwin F. Conely, Detroit, colonel and aid-de-camp.

Robert F. Hill, Kalamazoo, colonel and aid-de-camp.

Smith W. Fowler, Manistee, colonel and aid-de-camp.

William Stevenson, Flint, major and military secretary.

James J. Atkinson, Detroit, major and judge advocate.

Marshall H. Godfroy, Detroit, and O'Brien J. Atkinson, Port Huron, members state military board and colonels on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

These officers will without delay notify the commander-in-chief, through this department, their acceptance or non-acceptance of their respective appointments.

For Thomas W. Ferry—Messrs. Austin, Belknap, Butters, Duncan, East, Greuel, Hine, Koon, Monroe, Phelps, Seymour, Shaw, Taylor and White—14.

For Benton Hanchett—Messrs. Bliss and Hance—2.

For Byron M. Cutcheon—Messrs. Gullifer and Mercer—2.

For Charles Upson—Mr. McMahon—1.

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For Byron M. Cutcheon—Messrs.